Enter Capulet, *County* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liv'd at ods ſo long,
But now my Lord what ſay you to my ſuite?
Cap. But ſaying o're what I have ſaid before:
My childe is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeeres:
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Paris. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoone mar'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part:
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice.
This night I hold an old accuſtomed feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore,
One more (moſt welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore houſe looke to behold this night,
Earth treading ſtarres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doe luſty young men feele,
When well apparel'd *April* on the heele
Of limping winter treads; even ſuch delight
Among freſh Fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee,
And like her moſt whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe ſirrah, trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, finde thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,

My houſe an

Ser. Find
ten, that the
tayler with h
with his nets
are here writ
hath here wr

Ben. Tut
One paine is
Turne giddy
One deſpera
Take thou ſo
And the ran
Rom. Yo
Ben. For
Rom. Fo
Ben. Wh
Rom. No
Shut up in p
Whipt and t
Ser. God
Rom. I, n
Ser. Perh
But I pray ca
Rom. I, if
Ser. Ye fa
Rom. Sta

S *Eigneur*
and his b
neur Placen
Valentine; *n*
Niece Roſal
Lucio, *and t*
A faire aſſem